



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [III. NEW SERIES.]

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NO. 10.

POPULAR TALES.

GHOST OF MY UNCLE.

(Concluded.)

The will was now read, to which all paid the greatest attention. A mute anxiety and deep interest sat on every countenance, their aspects were, however, instantly changed into those of intense disappointment and vexation, on hearing that my uncle had made a stranger, whom none of us knew, the heir of all his property, real and personal. For my part, this circumstance did not affect me in the least. I had not had any expectation of inheriting the smallest portion; therefore could not feel disappointed. But with the others it was different; they had clung to him like so many leeches, or like the ivy to the old ruin, and with about as much affection as the two before-mentioned things have for the objects to which they so closely adhere. A most appalling and disgusting scene now took place between the disappointed legacy hunters, they abused the old man in the most shocking terms: they taxed him with injustice and villainy, and even proceeded to call down imprecations upon his lifeless corse. I shuddered at the conduct of the unprincipled villains; I trembled at the impiety of men who could, at a time the most solemn and impressive to a human being, act in a manner sufficient to call down upon them immediate and divine vengeance. I was chilled with horror. I almost expected every moment to see the lifeless corse of my uncle start from the bed, on which it lay, to take vengeance on the audacious wretches. Once, indeed, I actually thought I saw his lips quiver with rage—his eyebrows knit together—and all the muscles of his countenance contract into a dreadful frown. I shuddered at the sight and withdrew my gaze.

At length they went into the kitchen, and I was once more left alone in the chamber of death. I went to the bed-side, and the scene I had just witnessed operated so forcibly on my feelings, that I burst into tears, and uttered aloud my lamentations over my lifeless rela-

tive. When this ebullition had somewhat subsided, I began to reflect a little where I was, and a sort of timidity came creeping over me. There is an undefinable apprehension which we feel while we are in company with the dead. We imagine, in spite of the efforts of reason, that the departed spirit is hovering near its former tenement. It being now quite dark, and having these feelings in a strong degree, it is no wonder that I rather preferred the company of the wretches in the kitchen, than to remain long where I was.

I accordingly proceeded thither, where I found them all carousing round a large table, on which were placed the fragments of the dinner, and plenty of liquor. I reminded them of our promise to place my uncle's old two-armed chair at the head of the table, as he had requested, which they had neglected to do, and which they now strenuously opposed my doing. I was, however, resolutely determined to have it done, and at length succeeded. I then retired to the fire-side, where I sat, without taking any part in the conversation, or in any thing that passed during the whole evening. I shall pass over the several succeeding hours, the whole of which they sat drinking, until they were all in a greater or less degree intoxicated, and generally brawling, wrangling, and swearing in a loud and boisterous manner. The night became stormy as it advanced. The wind arose, and at intervals moaned, sighed, and whistled shrilly without, roared in the wide chimney, and as it furiously bent the trees in which the house was embosomed, made a sound similar to the dashing of the waves on the shore of the ocean. The rain fell in torrents, and the large drops pattered against the window with a ceaseless and melancholy cadence.

It was now getting nigh the 'witching time of night,' and I saw no signs of the revellers quitting the table. On the contrary, they grew more loud and boisterous. In obedience to their imperious commands, yet evidently with the greatest reluctance, Peggy had kept replenishing the exhausted vessels with more

liquor, and their demands increased in proportion to the reluctance with which they were gratified. At length, however, on receiving an intimation from me that I would interpose, she absolutely refused to draw any more liquor for them, telling them they had had plenty, and that it was time to retire to bed. The scene that now ensued was such as is impossible for me to describe: maddened and inflamed with rage at being thus refused, the wretches began to throw the furniture up and down the house, break the glasses and jugs, and to abuse the servant, from whom they attempted to wrest the key of the cellar, yelling out at the same time the most horrid oaths and imprecations.

The table was shortly overset, and the lights put out in the scuffle, and in a few moments we should, in all probability, have had blood shed, as I felt myself roused to a pitch of fury, and was advancing with the large heavy headed fire-poker to the assistance of the servant, who was loudly shrieking for help: just then the old clock struck twelve rapid strokes, and the bell had not ceased to vibrate, when we heard three heavy knocks, as if given by a mallet upon the wall, which separated the kitchen from the parlour where my uncle lay. There appeared to be something supernatural in this. The whole house seemed to shake to its very foundation. A deep silence ensued. I stood still. The wretches instantly became sober. We all gazed earnestly and wildly at the place from whence the noise proceeded. Scarce had we recovered from the shock, when we were again thunderstruck with a noise in the parlour; it was unlike any sound that I had ever heard before. It seemed as if all the furniture in the room was violently crashed together, mingled with the noise of fire-arms. Shrieks and exclamations burst from all.

The windows shook and every door of the habitation gave a momentary jar, I trembled with awe. I felt every hair of my head bristling upwards—my knees smote against each other—a deathly paleness sat on every countenance, and all eyes were fixed in an intense gaze on the door, at the upper part of the kitchen, which led to the staircase, buttery, and parlour. When to complete the horror of the scene, the door burst wide open—dashed against the wall, and in, gliding at a slow pace, came a dreadful apparition. Its countenance was that of death. It seemed to have been long the inhabitant of that dark and narrow house—the grave; the worms had revelled upon its eyes, and left nothing but the orbless sockets. The rest of the skeleton was enveloped in a long and white sheet. The horrid spectre advanced into the middle of the room. I involuntarily shrunk back—the heavy weapon dropped from my hand and rang loudly on the stone floor; overcome with terror, I sank into a chair. A cold sweat broke from my forehead, and I had well nigh fainted on its first appearance; the others had tumbled one over the other, in the greatest horror and con-

fusion, and now lay as if dead in all directions.

The spectre gazed wildly round for a moment—at the clock—at the fire—and then turned its eyeless sockets upon each individual, motioning at the same time with its long arm, and pointing to the outer door, seemingly directing to an outlet for escape, and wishing for their exit. They were not long in obeying this intimation, but severally crawled away on their hands and knees, with all the speed they could possibly make; none of them daring to stand upright. The spectre all the while was standing in the middle of the floor, eyeing, or rather appearing to eye them, through the void sockets where eyes had once glistened, as they retreated one by one in the greatest fear and trepidation. When Peggy and I offered to decamp along with the rest, the spectre motioned us to remain where we were, and we durst not for our lives disobey. When the last of the crew was making his exit, and had crawled nearly to the door, the spectre, which had hitherto stood motionless, except waving its arm and slowly turning its eyeless countenance on the wretches as they crept successively out of the door, bounded with the rapidity of lightning after the terrified wretch. But swift as the flight of spirits are, in this case, that of the mortal was swifter: the fellow gave a thrilling scream—made a convulsive spring—his heels struck violently against the lintel of the door in his course, and he vanished from my sight and the spectre after him. ‘Gude defend us,’ said Peggy. ‘For my part, ill as I was frightened, I could scarce forbear laughing outright at the last incident so comic and farcical.’

Half a minute had not elapsed, when I heard a step, and in another instant (I still kept my eyes on the door) in came the very form of my *uncle*, muttering, “Villains! Rascals! Hypocrites!” He fastened the door after him, shut out his nephews and the spectre, and then came towards the fire. At this I was more amazed than ever. He, however, gave me to understand that he was alive and well, and that all I had seen transacted in the afternoon and evening, was nothing but a stratagem he had made use of to try the sincerity of his relations, and if he found them, as he conjectured, false in their professions, to get rid of them. The scheme answered nobly, and it must be confessed, the stratagem was well planned and exceedingly well executed.

My uncle concluded his relation with assuring me, that, excepting a good legacy for his faithful servant Peggy, I should inherit all that he possessed, as some little acknowledgement for the fright he had caused me; and as for the wretches he had expelled from his house, in so singular a manner, they should never more cross the threshold of his door. We all three now sat down to a little supper, of which my uncle stood in great need, and after taking a cheerful glass retired to bed.

Notwithstanding the fatigue of my journey,

and sitting up so late, my sleep was far from being sound and refreshing. I was disturbed with fearful dreams the whole night. At length the cocks began to crow—the clouds of the eastern sky to break asunder, and the morning to dawn. When it was tolerably light I started up, resolved on a stroll over the meadows. Before going out, however, I went into the parlour, where I found every thing in the utmost confusion. Chairs, tables, walking-sticks, and logs of wood, lay all over the floor and every thing upset or in a wrong position. I then proceeded to the outer door, which I opened, but started back in horror, on perceiving a human skull lying on a sheet at my right hand, just without the door. Recovering from my fright, I gathered it up, and could not restrain my laughter, when I discovered it to be nothing more than a mask, representing a death's head. It seems while we were all wrangling the night before, my uncle stepped out of bed—dressed himself—piled all the furniture, logs of wood and timber, he could find in the apartment, in a heap, crowning the pyramid with a dozen or more walking-sticks, which had lain time out of mind on the top of an old cupboard—then went up stairs and put on the horrid mask—brought down a pistol, and enveloped himself from his feet to his chin, in a clean white sheet; after alarming us, just as the clock struck the awful hour of twelve, by striking three heavy blows against the wall with a huge log of wood, he contrived to tumble down the whole mass of furniture at once—fired his pistol at the same moment, and then burst in upon us in the manner described.

I now went out. As I was crossing the yard, I discovered several drops of blood on a stone, which I could no way account for, but by supposing some of my good cousins had received, in their retreat, a fall; and, a little further, I discovered a pair of shoes. A receptacle for the filth of the byre, in another part of the yard, bore evident marks of some one having had therein a severe struggle.

Indeed the adventures of the flying heroes had been various and woeful; one of them, he at whom the spectre made such a sudden bound, as I afterwards ascertained, actually ran seven miles without stopping, and with his shrieks, supposing the grim monster close at heels, almost raised the whole country. I now proceeded onwards over the fields, listening to the warbling lark 'springing blithely up to greet the purpling east.' The air was fresh and pure, and, in the beauties of nature, I awhile forgot the events of the preceding evening. With hasty steps I roved over the faintly recollected scenes, where I had in childhood spent some of my happiest hours, until weary with my rambles I returned to breakfast.

A red nose.—'Where could I get this nose?' said Madame d'Albert, observing a slight tendency to a flash in that feature. 'At the side-board, Madame,' answered Count Grammont.

From the Telegraph and Observer.

MARY JONES.

Old Thomas Jones, or as he was familiarly called in the neighborhood, Captain Tom or Captain Jones, was one of the most testy, irascible, little old gentleman, that ever enveloped himself in a cloud of tobacco smoke, or cudged a waiter for the very want of other exercise. He was a short, corpulent gentleman, who had been a busy, bustling sea-captain in his youth, and had married late in life as he always avowed, for the sole purpose of having some one to oversee the broiling of his steaks, and the arrangement of his table. Indeed the handsome fortune of Captain Thomas Jones, gave him little other pleasure than to administer to his enormous appetite; so that his dinner finally became the most important article in the vocabulary of his existence; not only because it administered to the pleasures of his palate, and relieved him from an insupportable weight of illness, but because he generally had an opportunity to vent his ill humor either on his wife, the cook, or the waiter, but especially the latter, a tall overgrown darkee, sufficiently wiley to keep out of the reach of the old gentleman's cane; for on these occasions our worthy old friend would blow up his cheeks, work his mouth, and stamp, and swear, and twirl his walking stick in a most threatening manner; and woe to the cranium that was so ill-fated as to meet it in any of its circinvolutions.

Although the paroxysms of rage and appetite were said to occur more frequently, or at least, in greater violence, as the Captain advanced in life; yet they never failed to produce a corresponding lucid interval, in which he sometimes manifested very unequivocal marks of humanity. It was, probably, at these more rational moments that he bestowed those marks of affection and regard upon his daughter, that gave rise, strangely enough, to an opinion among the domestics of the household, that he really loved her. Now for myself although I do not believe that our friend ever loved any thing besides his pipe, his bottle and his steaks; yet if he had been guilty of such a folly, I could very readily pardon him, for Mary was in truth, a charming girl. Besides her dark blue eyes, raven locks, and lips upon which one could never look without dreaming of kisses, she had a voice that was music itself, and a smile that could melt the soul of a stoic into love. I have always wondered how *such a man* could possibly have *such a daughter*; and can no more explain the reason to my reader's satisfaction, than why he should be worth a hundred thousand, whilst many a man of sense and virtue must die in poverty and obscurity for the want thereof. Still, however, I affirm that so it was.

But although the beautiful daughter of our friend was thus fortunate, yet her situation was far from being enviable; for Captain Jones, soon after her birth, having been cal-

led to Boston, chanced to meet with Jack Clifton, an old sea companion to whom in his youth he had been under great obligations, and whilst renewing their acquaintance over a bottle of champagne, each spoke of his marriage and his child: the one was a son, the other a daughter:—Says Jack, 'they shall marry each other.' 'It's a bargain,' says the Captain, and accordingly it was cemented over a fresh bottle, being ever after, with the Captain at least, as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. It was for this reason, I suspect, that the old gentlemen became exceedingly jealous of all the young visitors that frequented his mansion. One who had presumed to enquire if Miss Jones was within, was answered with a kick, which sent him very unceremoniously, as he has since assured me, quite to the bottom of the piazza stairs. Another, who had been so successful as to make his entry, and was sitting *tete-a-tete* with the beautiful Mary, was most uncourteously interrupted by the old man, who began to stamp and swear in his usual style; at the same time corroborating his words with a most eloquent and *impressive* touch of his gold headed cane, till the young gallant was fain to retreat with the worst of the *argument*. These things were considered in the neighborhood as substantial, if not as *knock-down* reasons, in favor of abstemiousness: and poor Mary at the delightful age of seventeen, was left, as it regarded matrimony, with very slender prospects. Whether this seriously affected her young mind, I cannot for a certainty, pretend to declare. My *fair* readers will probably say no; and I should be inclined so too, had I not been informed by an old domestic who has survived the destruction of the family mansion, that she used to stray through the solitary ground for hours together, communing with her own thoughts, and sighing away in solitude the delicious hours of maiden youth.

It was during this state of things at the mansion, that a solitary horseman was seen riding along the road, lying on the eastern bank of the Hudson, and extending between the cities of New-York and Albany. He appeared to be a little above the ordinary stature, sat erect and graceful upon his horse, and his countenance though something browned, as it seemed, by an exposure to the sun and air, was still regular, cheerful and expressive. In short, he seemed a youth familiar with the world: and while he passed through the wild and beautiful scenery that every where surrounded him, his eye, intoxicated with pleasure, roved from one object to another, now moving along the bosom of the majestic Hudson as it lay environed by its fertile banks, and now straying over the cultivated fields and dark prolific woods, fitfully interspersed along the opposite shore. He had just turned an angle of the road and was winding his way through a long and lonely wood, when the brisk tramp of a horse caught his at-

tention, and turning around he saw a solitary rider in the coarse costume of the times, a leather cap upon his head, and a pair of horseman's pistols stuck in his belt, rapidly advancing towards him.—As he came nearer a cold and formal salutation passed between them, which seemed to say that they were strangers: and yet, each eyed the other with a glance of such scrutiny, as would intimate that they had met before. A light conversation on that all absorbing topic, the war (for my readers must needs understand that these circumstances transpired during that eventful period which gave birth to American liberty) was carried on for a short time, when the new-comer, reaching an obscure path, bowed and reined into the woods. Our traveller watched him carefully until he had disappeared amid the green foliage of the trees when he exclaimed: 'Strange that the villain did not know me!—some errand of mischief—some deed of darkness is going forward—I'll be prepared for him at least.' So saying he drew a pistol from its place of concealment, threw open the pan, shook out the powder, and after carefully repriming it, replaced it again with an air of the most perfect security. He had scarcely completed the action when the other dashed through the bushes and reined again into the road. Approaching the young traveller he directed at him a most scrutinizing glance as he said:

'It strikes me, sir, that we have seen each other before?'

'It may be,' said the youth indifferently.

'You have lived in Boston, I think?'

The young man bowed.

'And served under Arnold in that cursed affair on the lake?'

He bowed again.

'And are as bold a youth as ever mounted a deck.'

'And you as great a villian, *Bettys,' was the cold and determined reply.

'Nay,' said the other, 'judge me not too rashly, I am your friend.'

'My friend?'

'Why not as well now, as formerly?'

'Bettys, you very well know why,' said the young traveller severely.

'But I *am*, nevertheless, and with your leave will make your fortune.'

'How?'

'I will get you a commission.'

'Ay, a British commission, I suppose?'

'To be sure.'

* ———I procured him a sergeancy in the fleet commanded by Gen. Arnold, on Lake Champlain, in '76. Bettys was in that desperate fight which took place in the latter part of that campaign, between the British and American fleets on that lake, and being a skillful seaman, was of signal service during the battle. * * *

After this action, Bettys went to Canada—turned traitor to his country—received an ensign's commission in the British army—became a spy, and proved himself a most dangerous and subtle enemy.—Col. Ball's Address.—Ballstown Spa. Gazette.

'And so you would make a traitor of me too?' her as tame and submissive as one of Milton's angels.'

'Nay, I deal not with such harsh names; and yet, Edward, why will you labor, and toil and drudge, for nothing? the labourer is at least, 'worthy of his hire,' though I doubt if you get even *that*. But here,' said he, drawing a paper from his pocket, 'is a commission from a government that knows how to reward its followers, and here,' holding up a handful of money, 'is the substance of things only 'hoped for' among you. Why then, will you longer serve a country that repays all your hardships and sufferings only with slight and contumely? Why will you throw yourself away in a cause that must finally fail, when honor, and glory, and riches are to be acquired on the other side?'

'Poh! you talk like a fool. Is there any disgrace in renouncing error? Any disgrace in yielding allegiance to your lawful sovereign? if there is, then indeed, I have somewhat mistaken the point: but, Edward,' sinking his voice and reining closer to his companion, 'if you will but aid me in executing a bit of a scheme which I have in my head, and accept a British commission, you shall be colonel before you are twenty-five.'

'Well name it.'

'And how if the affair be a little cloudy?' said he, looking significantly into the other's face as he spoke.

'I know pretty well what to expect from Joe Bettys.'

'True—Well then at no great distance from us lives an ill-natured, surly, old croaker of a sea-captain, who has infinitely more money in his cellar than sense in his head. My proposal is to pay him a visit and—'

'And transfer the treasure into more worthy hands.'

'Exactly so,' exclaimed Bettys, pleased at the readiness of his auditor.

'And if the old sea-hound should be obstinate?'

'Tis a disease easily cured,' answered the other glancing towards his belt.

'And the stake, you think, will warrant the hazard of the game?'

'Certainly! but if you are of a different opinion, you may have the disposal of the daughter.'

'The daughter, said you?'

'Aye, aye, the daughter; and as dainty a piece of female beauty as ever seduced the heart of mortal man. I tell you, Edward,' said he again looking significantly at his companion, 'she would be no bad acquisition to the suit of an English Captain.'

'I dare say, but if she should be unwilling to—'

'Poh! it matters little about *her* will, though I think she has been long enough pent up in confinement to know how to relish the blessing of liberty and a handsome gallant to boot, but if not, why a little force would make

her as tame and submissive as one of Milton's angels.'

'Bettys,' said the youth, with somewhat more warmth than he had yet manifested, 'you have richly deserved the halter from which you escaped, and are even more accomplished in villany than rumor has made you; I heartily detest both you and your schemes.'

'Fool!' exclaimed the outlaw, biting his lip in disappointment, 'you are a cursed fool, Edward, and was it not for a bit of service which you once rendered me, I could put an end to you and your folly together.'

'Think not of *that*,' answered the young man, grasping towards his pistol, 'so thorough a villain should never dream of obligation.'

But Bettys seldom acted without a motive, and he therefore reined sullenly into the woods and left Edward to pursue his way in quiet. He had not, however, proceeded far before the clouds began to accumulate about the northern horizon, and give indication of an approaching storm, which soon began to beat down in no very gentle manner. He paused and looked around for a convenient shelter, but none presenting, he moved forward with more celerity than before, until a large and commodious mansion, standing on the bank of our noble river, caught his eye. He rode unhesitatingly to the door and rapped for admission. It was opened by a delicate hand, for in truth it was no other than that little nucleus of perfections which has already been described under the name of Mary Jones. When she saw the handsome young stranger, she blushed deeply—perhaps from native modesty, or perhaps from her knowledge of the reception, which such a man must meet at the house of her father. He, on his part, saw in a moment, that he was in the presence of beauty, and accordingly did his devoir to that divinity in his most graceful manner.

Mary led him silently to the parlour, where sat Mr. and Mrs. Jones, to whom he explained the nature of his visit. He seated himself and for a short time succeeded in maintaining an interrupted conversation: but his eyes roved so frequently towards the beautiful daughter of our friend, that even the dull capacity of Captain Jones could not avoid observing it, and he soon began to sit very uneasy. Mrs. Jones and Mary saw that the storm was gathering, and very prudently left the room. Meantime the old man's cheeks began to swell, his jaws worked, his eyes moved rapidly in their sockets and in short, he manifested all the usual symptoms of a violent paroxysm of rage. Edward saw it, and looked anxiously from the window, as if he would gladly relieve him from his presence. But the wind was raging wildly, and the storm beat furiously without, presenting, as he thought, still greater terrors than that from within. He therefore determined to await the issue calmly, whatever might be its consequences.

(Concluded in our next.)

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

John Bainster, a native of Virginia, and an ornament to the state, was a member of the 'first Continental Congress,' and a signer of the 'Articles of confederation and Perpetual Union,' 1778.

David L. Barnes, an eminent citizen of R. Island, during the American revolution; was attorney general and judge of the supreme court of that state; died 1812.

John Barry, first Captain in the American Navy, was born in Ireland, 1745; he made several successful cruises in the brig *Lexington*, the first continental vessel. In the winter of '76-7, he became a volunteer to the intrepid gen. Cadwallader, stationed near Philadelphia. In May, 1781, he took command of the Alliance frigate, and in a few days captured the British brigs *Atalanta* and *Treposa*.—Bold, brave, and enterprising,—at the same time humane and generous. He was a good citizen, and greatly esteemed by all who knew him. His person was above the ordinary size, graceful and commanding; his deportment dignified, and his countenance expressive. He died in Philadelphia, 1803.

Josiah Bartlett, a native of New-Hampshire; a member of the first Continental Congress from that state, a signer of the Dec. of Ind., and afterwards governor of N. H.; he died 1795.

David Barton, a distinguished citizen of Missouri; was president of the convention which framed the constitution of the state, and has, with dignity, filled many important stations.

James A. Bayard, a native of Delaware: was a representative, and afterwards a senator in congress. He was appointed one of the ministers to negotiate the treaty with G. Britain at Ghent, in 1813; subsequent to which he was sent as a minister, to the Court of St. Petersburg. He returned to the U. S. and died in 1815.

Richard, Earl of Bellamont, was governor of New York, Massachusetts and New-Hampshire in 1698-9. During his administration the celebrated pirate, Kid, was sent to England, tried, condemned, and executed.

David Brearly, a native of New Jersey, a distinguished advocate of American rights, during the revolution; a member of the Old Congress, and a delegate to the convention which framed the constitution of the United States, in '87.

Wm. Bently, an eminent citizen of Massachusetts, was distinguished as a scholar, philosopher, and politician; he edited the 'Essex Register,' near 20 years, and died in 1819.

John Bertram, a farmer of Pennsylvania, who by intense application, rose to great eminence as a Botanist; Linnaeus pronounced him, 'the greatest natural Botanist in the world;' he died in '77.

Johnson Blakely, a captain in the American Navy during the late war; June 28, 1814, the *Wasp*, capt. B., took the *Reindeer*; Sept. 1, the *Avon*.

Jacob Brown, a native of New-York, and a major general in the American army during the late war; he commanded at the taking of Fort Erie, July 3, 1814; at the battle of Chippeway, July 5, loss, Am. 300, Br. 500; July 25, at Bridgewater, U. C., loss, Am. 860, Br. 880.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WILL YOU ENDORSE?

We pity—ah! sincerely pity, the poor—we had like to have used a word which no christian man should use lightly—in other words then, we sincerely pity the man, whoever he is, who is in want of money, and is running about hither and yon asking his friends to endorse for him.

'Mr. Wiseman, will you be kind enough to endorse for me, a small sum of money?' 'Excuse me, sir, I never endorses for no man—not even for my grandmother. I think it is a bad practice, I do; many a man is ruined by it as flat as a flounder—wherefore I made myself a solemn promise, if God would bless me with money, never to help no human being—and I've been as good as my word.' This is a damper, you will say; but not easily discouraged, you proceed to another of your friends, and thus accost him:

'Mr. Smoothface, I am in want of a small sum of money to carry on my business—(which by the way, is improving, and only needs a little of the ready rhino, to proceed with advantage,)—will you be good enough to favour me with your name on the back of \$300?'

'My dear sir, I would not hesitate a moment, if it was in my power to serve you—but, sir, I am really, sir—I—I indeed, sir, it is out of my power to assist you in the present case. There is no man in the world I would assist sooner; but really the situation of my—of my—in short my dear sir, it is at present out of my power to render you any assistance.' 'Sir, I had imagined, from the liberal offer of services you made me, when I embarked in my present undertaking, that I might depend upon you for some small assistance—some—' 'Really, Sir, I—I—I'm very busy—very much engaged at present—good day Sir!' Not willing to give up the point without farther trial, you proceed to call upon another of your friends, and thus—

'Mr. Snickersnee, my good, good friend, I should be very glad of the whisk of your pen—it would be of infinite mercy to me in my present affairs.' 'Alas! I say Mr. Snickersnee, I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will endorse for me to a small amount.' 'Really, Sir, I don't exactly comprehend you!' 'I wish you would, if you please, become security for me, for two or three hundred dollars.'

'That are is a thing I can't do possibly. I shall be glad to help ye one way in the world, if ye want a barrel of pork, or a hogsit of cider, I should be glad to let you have 'em for cash, as cheap as any other man, I don't care who t'other is—' Good bye, Mr. Snickersnee.'

Thus baffled, you walk home, and debate with yourself which way to turn next. You ruminate on the cold, unaccommodating disposition of mankind; and if you have any spice of the cynic about you, you cannot help comparing them to a tortoise, which draws its head within its hell, and thus secure, cares not a fig how the world wags without. In this state of feeling, you would be apt to discard the whole circle of your species, were it not for a few cheering rays of kindness you have here and there met with, and hope still to meet on the journey of life.

American Gratitude.—During the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, the transportation of convicts to this country proved a very great grievance. Dr Franklin wrote to the Minister the thanks of the colonies for the maternal care of Britain to the country, so strongly manifested in this instance! and as a satisfactory proof of American gratitude, sent him a collection of rattle snakes, which he advised him to have introduced into his majesty's gardens at Kew, in order that they might propagate and increase—assuring him that they would be as beneficial to his majesty's English dominions, as the British convicts were to America.

Spunk.—Let ancient or modern history be produced they will not afford a more heroic display than the reply of the Yankees at Stonington, to the British commanders. The people were piling the balls which the enemy had wasted, when the foe applied to them. 'We want balls, will you sell them?' they answered, 'We want powder—send us powder and we'll return you balls.'

True Honesty.—Some years ago, an aged man, near Marshalton, traded, or according to Virginia parlance, *swapped* horses, on this condition, that on that day week, the one who thought he had the best of the bargain should pay to the other two bushels of wheat. The day came and as luck would have it, they met about half way between their respective homes. 'Where art thou going?' said one.—'To thy house with the wheat,' answered the other. And whither art thou riding? 'Truly,' replied the first, 'I was taking the wheat to thy house.' Each pleased with his bargain, had thought the wheat justly due to his neighbor, and was going to pay it.

Tithe Reckoning.—The Rev. Mr. L——y, who was rector of Livermore, in Suffolk, received a visit from a farmer, who came to pay some arrears for tithes, and of whom he in-

quired concerning his family. The farmer's wife had just given birth to her tenth child, which he told the rector, adding jocosely, 'As you have a tenth part of my other produce, sir, I must bring you my tenth child.' 'No,' replied the good pastor, 'I am a bachelor, and cannot take the charge of an infant; but I can do what will perhaps be much more agreeable to you.' He then returned the farmer the whole of his tithes, amounting to nearly a hundred pounds, towards the support of his child.

When Lieut. O'Brien was blown up in the Edgar and carried to the admiral, black and wet, he said with pleasantry, 'I hope, sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I left the ship in so great a hurry that I had not time to shift myself.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1830.

The Barony.—This new and interesting romance is from the pen of Miss Anna Maria Porter, and it is presumed that the name of the author will be its most efficient passport to the favor of such of our readers as have had the gratification of perusing her former works—to such of them as have not, it is recommended as a delightful fiction.

Books for Children of the United States.—Two little volumes with this title, supposed to have been written by a lady of New Haven, have been issued from the press of A. H. Maltby, of that city. They contain stories of several revolutionary officers, extremely well told, and in a style peculiarly adapted to the tastes and capacities of children.

SUMMARY.

Bunker Hill Monument.—We learn, (says the Boston Daily Advertiser,) that Joshua Bates, Esq. of the house of Baring, Brothers & Co. of London, has presented, through Col. T. H. Perkins, of this city, to the fund for the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, the sum of five hundred dollars. If Americans abroad and at home would follow this liberal example, the sum necessary for the completion of this superb monument would soon be raised.

Duke of Orleans.—The Duke of Orleans, now at the head of the French Government, some years ago taught school in the neighboring state of New-Jersey. He is nephew of the unfortunate Louis XVI, who was beheaded. It was when the first revolution broke out that he came to this country, and engaged in the above occupation. The present king of England, as well as the Duke of Orleans has also been in this country; and it may be remarked that with the exception of Joseph Bonaparte, once King of Spain, they are the only European sovereigns who were ever in America.

Origin of the Slave Trade.—In 1434, a Portuguese Captain, named Alonzo Gonzales, having doubled Cape Bonador, landed in Guinea, and carried off some lads, whom he sold advantageously to Moorish families settled in the south of Spain. Six years afterwards he repeated this act of piracy; and as the practice seemed to answer, many merchants adopted it.

MARRIED,

In this city, on Monday the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. James Froeland, to Miss Caroline M. Bowman.
On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Loomis, Mr. Peter Van Dyck, to Mrs. Susan Lansing.

DIED,

In this city, on the 2d inst. Sarah Cornelia, youngest daughter of John W. Edmonds, Esq. aged about 2 years.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. Anna Rogers, consort of Mr. William Rogers, aged 84 years.—This aged couple, when separated by that invisible hand, which must, sooner or later, sever all human ties, had been the participants of each others joys and sorrows during the long period of sixty-one years, forty-one of which, they had inhabited the house where Mrs. Rogers died, and in which, it is a little singular that, hers was the first death that ever occurred, though they had brought up a large family, and other families had from time to time lived in the house.—Communicated.

In Salisbury, Conn. on Tuesday the 21st ult. Mrs. Sarah Holley, widow of the late Luther Holley, Esq. aged 75 years.

At Athens, on Monday morning last, Mr. Abijah Fosdick, in the 63d year of his age.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

AUTUMNAL SCENES.

'Tis now high mid-day. From the vale below
Comes up the hum of industry, where late
Deep silence brooded like the sleep of death.
The mist has cleared away, and in its stead
A gossamer like shroud of shadowy haze
Is like a thin and filmy veil outspread
O'er the wide champaign, and the sloping hills,
On which the spirit of the sunshine lies.
The fields of well shorn stubble, tell the tale
Of harvest home, and barns with plenty stored;
Yet still in its long furrowed rows remains
The yellow bearded corn, while 'midst its stalks
Rustling and dry, gleams ever and anon
The sickle of the husbandman. The herds
Graze idly in the frost-nipped meadows near;
While in the pastures range the timorous flocks,
Glad to escape the summer's scorching heat,
Cropping the withered verdure. From the groves
Around, at intervals the sportman's gun
Rings loud and sharp, whilst echo midst the hills
Reverberates the sound. The wounded hare
Limps of affrighted; from the nut crowned bough
The chattering squirrel falls; and in her flight
The swift winged pigeon meets th' unerring death:
But stealthy must his step be, and his aim
More true and deadly, that goes forth to hunt
The wild, lone partridge. At the slightest sound
'Bursts she away on whirring wings, and fills
The echoing forest with her loud alarm.

Z.

THE SUBTERRANEAN STREAM.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

'Thou stream,
Whose source is inaccessiblely profound,
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend?
—Thou imagest my life.'

Darkly thou glidest onward,
'Thou deep and hidden wave!
The laughing sunshine hath not looked
Into thy secret cave.

Thy current makes no music—
A hollow sound we hear,
A muffled voice of mystery,
And know that thou art near.

No brighter line of verdure
Follows thy lonely way!
No fairy moss or lily's cup,
Is freshened by thy play.

The halcyon doth not seek thee,
Her glorious wings to lave;
Thou know'st no tint of the summer sky,
Thou dark and hidden wave!

Yet once will day behold thee.
When to the mighty sea,
Fresh bursting from their cavern'd veins
Leap thy lone waters free.

There wilt thou greet the sunshine
For a moment, and be lost,
With all thy melancholy sounds,
In the ocean's billowy host.

Oh! art thou not, dark river!
Like the fearful thoughts untold,

Which haply in the hush of night
O'er many a soul have rolled?
Those earth-born, strange misgivings—
Who hath not felt their power?
Yet who hath breathed them to his friend,
E'en in his fondest hour?
They hold no heart communion,
They find no voice in song,
They dimly follow far from earth
The grave's departed throng.
Wild is their course and lonely,
And fruitless in man's breast!
They come and go and leave no trace
Of their mysterious quest.
Yet surely must their wanderings
At length be like thy way;
Their shadows, as thy waters, lost
In one bright flood of day.

THE OUTWARD BOUND SHIP.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

As borne along with favouring gale,
And streamers waving bright,
How gaily sweeps the glancing sail
O'er yonder sea of light!
With painted sides the vessel glides
In seeming revelry,
And still we hear the sailor's cheer
Around the capstan tree.
Is sorrow there, where all is fair,
Where all is outward glee?
Go, fool, to yonder mariner
And he shall lesson thee.
Upon that deck walks tyrant sway,
Wild as his conquered wave,
And murmuring hate that must obey,—
The captain and his slave!
And pinching care is lurking there,
And dark ambition's swell,
And some that part with bursting heart
From objects loved too well.
And many a grief with gazing fed
On yonder distant shore,
And many a tear in secret shed
For friends beheld no more.
Yet sails the ship with streamers drest
And shouts of seeming glee;
Oh God! how loves the mortal breast
To hide its misery.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

The place which sustain'd the attack of ten years,
Is *Troy*, once so famous in yore:
And *Weight* is a thing which oft plainly appears
To press down the weight of threescore.
PUZZLE II.—Flesh, meat (*drank in broth*.)

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is a school boy doing his first sums, like a serpent erect?

II.

Why is education like a tailor?

WANTED,

A smart active lad, about 15 or 16 years of age, to serve as an apprentice to the Printing Business.

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